

THE HARTFORD CATHOLIC WORKER



ST. MARTIN DE PORRES HOUSE
ST. BRIGID HOUSE

What does God require but to do justice, and to love kindness and to walk humbly... Micah 6:8



Brian Kavanagh

*When Gabriel hit the bright shore of the world,
Yours were the eyes saw some
Star-sandalled stranger walk like lightning down the air,
The morning the Mother of God
Loved and dreaded the message of an angel.*

ADVENT 2006

Thomas Merton

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The Hartford Catholic Worker is published bimonthly by the St. Martin De Porres Catholic Worker community. We are a lay community of Catholics, and like minded friends, living in the north end of Hartford, working and praying for an end to violence and poverty. We are not a "tax-exempt" agency. We do not accept government funding. Our ability to house the homeless, feed the hungry, and work with the children depends on contributions from our readers. We are not paid. We can be reached at: 18 Clark St., Hartford CT 06120; (860) 724-7066, doucot@sbcglobal.net and www.hartfordcatholicworker.org We are: Brian Kavanagh, Morliana Evans, Sarah Karas, Angela Thomas, Jacqueline, Christopher, Micah and Ammon Allen-Doucot.

Christ has no body now on earth but yours,

no hands but yours,

no feet but yours.

Yours are the eyes through which Christ's compassion is to look out to the world.

Yours are the feet with which Christ is to go about doing good.

Yours are the hands with which Christ is to bless all people now.



-Teresa of Avila

Blessed are You,
O Maker of Miracles,
for giving women
of every age
so many reasons to hope.
May the dawn of a new world order
be born of those among us
who are too old
too young
too poor
and female.
May we be with You,
spinning the future,
boldly believing in You.
Weaver of dreams,
as we dream the peace,
please make our dream come true.
Women of hope, say Amen!
Women of hope, say: Amen!

Miriam Therese Winter



**HOPE
FAITH
TRUST**

WE NEED YOUR HELP.

"You need our help again?"

Yeah, we always need your help. Without the generous support of all of you the Hartford Catholic Worker would not exist. While we are mindful that we keep asking you for support we are also mindful that the never ending knock on our door is Christ in the form of the least among us asking what can we do for him *today*. If you have not made a donation to support our work in a while please consider doing so now. Thank-you!

Hartford Schools now require the kids to wear uniforms. The pants and skirts are navy blue or tan. The shirts are button down or polo style. The shirt colors are navy blue, white, or yellow. When christmas shopping please keep an eye out for these items. Thank you and God Bless :-)

St. Martin's Calendar

- ◆ Please join us on **Tuesday, December 5, January 2 and February 6 at 7:30 PM** for the celebration of Mass at St. Brigid House, 18 Clark St., Hartford. Refreshments and conversation follow Mass.
- 🌐 Our vigil for an end to war continues on **Friday's from 11:30-12:30** outside the Federal Building on Main St. in Hartford. Please bring a sign and join our call for an end to the American military occupation of Iraq.

Angela Thomas

The Christmas season is approaching, shopping is already underway. Remember the phrase **“what you do to the least, you do unto me”**. There are many ways to support the least among us. One way is to shop fair trade, union made, or homemade. This would avoid buying items which were produced in a sweatshop environment. If we knew the conditions most of our trinkets and necessities were made in, their beauty and need would vanish. In its place would be astonishment and horror.

In a sweatshop environment, people work up to 14-hours a day, seven days a week. They don't make enough money to feed themselves or their families. Children work long hours with swollen hands and aching bodies. Workers are at times beaten. Consumers can avoid supporting this by supporting fair trade and union made companies.

At a fair trade and union made company people are able to keep their dignity and are treated with respect. To buy products from a fair trade company, please visit www.coopamerica.org. On the site look for the national green pages section. Then type in the item you're looking for. A number of companies will pop up that sell the item. For union made products a great website is www.unionsales.com. This site has all of their items on the left. Click on the preferred item

and order away.

For those who enjoy shopping in a store, Ten Thousand Villages is located in downtown



West Hartford. They sell handmade products from all over the planet. This store has great jewelry, soaps, drums, and household items. For those who enjoy shopping at the mall, Eddie Bauer clothing, Naturalizer shoes, Samsonite briefcases, and Walden books from Rittenhouse are produced in a respectful environment. For a complete list of fair trade companies, please visit www.coopamerica.com and click on the sweatshop icon on the far left.

Unfortunately there aren't that many sweatshop free companies, but our dollars will change that.

Homemade gifts are a great way to say I love you. Local craft fairs directly support artisans. Family members can make their own gifts and exchange them for Christmas. Kids can draw a picture, write a poem, or create a dance for their parents. A home cooked meal, some fresh baked cookies, or a potpourri pouch can spread the Christmas spirit to friends and neighbors.

Second hand stores are also a great resource. Shopping at the Salvation Army supports drug and alcohol rehabilitation programs all over Connecticut. Since the state seriously under funds these programs, Salvation Army is an asset to be supported. New and barely used items can be found there. Shopping there takes a keen eye and regular attendance, but it's well worth the price paid.

This Holiday Season try to replace at least one gift with a fair trade, union made, homemade, Native American made (www.southwestindian.com), or second hand item. Help us to build a new society within the old. Love thy neighbor as thy self. Feel good supporting a work environment that we ourselves would want. Peace be with you and God bless you during this joyous holiday season. Ω

EBENEZZA- A HARTFORD HOLIDAY CAROL,

PREMIERES THIS HOLIDAY SEASON

“A wild ride through Hartford *then and now.*”

For more information about *Ebenezza*, please visit the HartBeat Ensemble website at www.hartbeatensemble.org. To purchase tickets for *Ebenezza* visit the Charter Oak Center box office at 21 Charter Oak Ave. between 9am -5pm Monday through Friday or call Charter Oak at 860-248-1207. For group sales call HartBeat Ensemble at 548-9144.

LOVE: THE ULTIMATE SOLUTION FOR A TRUE GLOBALIZATION

Richard Sitcha

(composed in prison on 9/11/06,
English is his second language)

I always thought that globalization was a way to create a global world full of love, peace and compassion intending to integrate all human beings regardless our differences. But it seems to me today like globalization is conceived by the Western governments as a means to impose to other nations- especially the 3rd world- some values in order to help them control and implement their corporations and their interests.

The first aspect of globalization has been seen in the aftermath of the 2004 Tsunami in Indonesia and the 2005 Katrina disasters. The entire world led by the United States moved with love and compassion to bring their prayers and financial support to their brothers and sisters victims of the disasters. Despite their political differences, even Venezuela and Cuba have proposed to help the victims but the U.S. State Department turned out their offers.

The second aspect of globalization is a source of violence. More often the dominees tend to fight back, to resist the dominators and it results with wars and violence. We must actually trace the differences between a dominator and a leader. The dominator wants to impose eventually by force his idea or ideology to others. The leader goes by convincing and persuading others; showing to them why and how they are wrong and he is right. The dominator counts upon his muscles, his power, his military arsenal. The leader on the contrary counts on his serenity, his love, his wisdom and abilities to bring people together in order to find a lasting solution to any problem.

Jesus was a leader not a dominator. He spared the life of an adulteress brought to him to be stoned to death by inviting anyone who never committed a sin to throw on her the

first stone. Everyone walked away. He also convinced the crowd that it wasn't a sin to do good deeds on Sabbath day. Jesus, Mohammad, Yahweh, Buddha were all leaders and have always invited their followers to love one another and to promote peace. Therefore, a



Christians who promote violence and wars are not Jesus' followers; a Moslem who promotes violence, acts of terrorism and killings is not a Mohammad follower; a Jew or a Buddhist who promotes any kind of violence is not a Yahweh or Buddha follower.

We do not have any right to...take away somebody's life, even taking away our own life

is forbidden. That task belongs to God only. God does not care whether we are white or Black; rich or poor; Christian, Jew, Moslem or Buddhist; African, American, European, Asian, Spanish... These are human labels. Appearance is not what matters to God, but love, peace and compassion coming from his presence in our hearts that allows us to love one another as He loves us. That is what matters to God and makes our lives worthy and worthy all the time. What kind of world do we want for our children and grandchildren? This world today, full of hatred, racism, xenophobia, violence, killings, and wars or a world full of Love, peace and compassion. Do we need then to continue to be victims or continue to watch hideous acts of terrorism like those of New York, London, Madrid, Bali, Bombaii, Russia, and wars in Iraq, Afghanistan, Sudan, Lebanon, Israel etc?... Violence does not bring solutions but more violence and sufferings.

We must always put in our minds that each one of us with love and compassion must do something to bring a part of this world violence and misery to the end. This responsibility, like the Damocles sword, is pending upon our heads and in god's name we must not fail. [illegible] said that "God's love must enable us to call any country our country and any human being our brothers and our sisters". This is the true globalization, the kind our world needs, a gathering of human race; the God family, united one under His eternal Love. The essential in our lives will never be our riches, our good careers, our talents, skills or wisdom; the essential and what will be always essential is how we use them to make our world a better place to live for all of us and for the future generations.

I would prefer to live poor in a country full of love, peace and compassion rather than live rich in a country full of hatred, violence and wars.

The world needs great leaders for a true globalization. Leaders not dominators capable

(PLEASE SEE SITCHA P7)

BEAT STREET

Joseph Saddler aka Grandmaster Flash

(Mr. Saddler wrote this in 1984 when rap was social critique rather than misogynous rantings.)

Beat Street

The king of the beat

You see him rocking that beat from across the street
And Huh Huh!

Beat Street is a lesson too, because you can't let
the Streets beat you!

Well a picture can express a thousand words to
describe all the beauty of life you give
And if the world was yours to do over, I know you'd
paint a better place to live

Where the colours would swirl and the boys and
girls can grow in peace and harmony

And where murals stand on walls so grand as far as
the eyes are able to see, Ha!

I never knew art til I saw your face and there'll
never be one to take your place

'Cause each and every time you touch the spray
paint can

Michelangelo's soul controls your hand

Then serenades of blue and red and the beauty of
the rainbow fills your head

Crescendo of colours hang in tune, Man why oh
why d'ya have to die so soon?

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, where the good
die young it's all thy must

'Cause as life must live, death must die and the
tear shall fall from the living eye, Huh!

The teardrops fall for the state of mind of the
beautiful lady that you left behind

In love and alone, but now you're dead, and she
still can't get you out of her head, Huh!

More tears fall for all you've done, trying to be a
good father to your only son

But now who's gonna make sure that he's fed, put
a shirt on his back and a roof overhead?

Tell me who's gonna dream the impossible dream
of the beautiful cities in the islands genes?

When your works of art brought into being all that
the ghetto stopped you from seeing

Bums on the sidewalk, garbage in the streets,
abandoned buildings, bricks of concrete

The ladies on the corner are selling their bodies,
and everybody wants a part in that party

I'm hanging out tough, rocking late at night,
running wild in the town of the neon light
You either play some ball or stand in the hall Huh!
You gotta make something outta nothing at all
I'm sitting in the classroom learning the rules and
it says you can't do graffiti in school
They can't be wrong in the hallowed hall, so my
notebook turned into a brick wall
The heart of a lion and the courage of three, and



the mind of a man much wiser than me
You're the soul of the brother who won't come back
Who died in my arms on the railroad track
'Cause I'm caught in the rat race, looking for my
own space

There's gotta be a better place for you and me

There's pie in the sky, and an eye for an eye

Some people gotta die just to be free

You search for justice and what do you find?

You find just us on the unemployment line

You find just us sweating from dawn to dusk

There's no justice, there's Huh, just us, Ha!

Still life urban masterpiece, your trademark was
written on trains and walls

A million dollar gift only God released, and yet
you got killed for nothing at all

So after this there'll be no more hard times, no
more bad times and no more pain

No more chump change, none of that bull

Just movies, museums and the hall of fame

So all you Hip Hops get on up, and let's take it to
the top where we belong

'Cause the age of the Beat Street wave is here

A newspaper burns in the sand, and the headlines
say 'Man destroys Man!'

Extra! Extra! Read all the bad news on the war for
peace that everybody would lose

The rise and fall, the last great empire, the sound
of the whole world caught on fire

The ruthless struggle, the desperate gamble

The game that left the whole world in shambles

The cheats, the lies, the alibis

And the foolish attempt to conquer the skies

Lost in space, and what is it worth, huh?

The president just forgot about Earth

Spending multi billions, and maybe even trillions

The cost of weapons ran into zillions

There's gold in the street, and diamonds under feet

And the children in Africa don't even eat

Flies on their faces, they're living like mice

And the houses even make the ghetto look nice,

The water tastes funny, it's forever too sunny

And they work all month and don't make no money

A fight for power, a nuclear shower

And people shout out in the darkest hour

Of sights unseen and voices unheard

And finally the bomb gets the last word

Christians killed Muslims, and Germans killed Jews

And everybody's bodies are used and abused,

Minds are poisoned and souls are polluted

Superiority complex is deep rooted

Leeches and lice's, and people got prices

Egomaniacs control the self-righteous

Nothing is sacred and nothing is pure

So the revelation of death is our cure

Hitler and Caesar, Custer and Reagan

Napoleon, Castro, Mussolini and Begin

Ghengis Khan and the Shah of Iran

Mixed with the blood of the weaker man

The peoples in terror, the leaders made the error

And now they can't even look in the mirror

'Cause we gotta suffer while things get rougher

And that's the reason why we got to get tougher

To learn from the past and work for the future

And don't be a slave to no computer

'Cause the Children of Man inherits the land

And the future of the world is in your hands

So just throw your hands in the air

And wave 'em like you just don't care

And if you believe that you're the future

Scream it out and say 'Oh yeah!' ('Oh yeah!')

A PROPHECY BY DOROTHY DAY

(Text of Dorothy Day's Address to the Liberal-Socialist Alliance in New York City — December 8, 1941)

There is now all this patriotic indignation about the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and Japanese expansionism in Asia. Yet not a word about American and European colonialism in this same area. We, the British, the French, and others set up spheres of influence in Asia, control national states—against the expressed will of these states—and represent imperialism in the Orient. We dictate to Japan as to where she can expand economically and politically, and we declare what policy she must observe. From our nationalistic and imperialistic point of view, we have every right to concentrate American military forces in the Philippines, confronting Japan at her front door. Were Japan to face us from Cuba, what would be our reaction? If the United States insists upon a colonialist policy in Asia, then this nation must be prepared for a militaristic backlash. . .

I share my deepest sympathy with the parents, wives and friends of the American military forces that perished at Pearl Harbor. But I count these young men as victims, tragic victims, of a blindly mistaken American foreign policy. . .

Hitler is a madman; however, our American State Department is quite aware that—under treaty—Germany must declare war on any power which moves against the Empire of Japan. Need I remind you that the Fascists are allies of the Russian communists? What action will Moscow take in support of Germany? Are we actually prepared to confront a German-Russian alliance? But let us suppose that the Soviet Union does nothing at the moment at least. Is it not probable that

Hitler will observe his own dicta and move "to the East where expansionism can readily be accomplished"? How then can the United States justify a military alliance with Stalin whose blood baths have rivaled Hitler's purges? So we are faced with a dilemma: either we go to war against a German-Italian-Russian-Japanese alliance—a suicidal undertaking—or we become Russia's defender—an ideological crime.

But I waste rhetoric on international



politics—the breeding grounds of war over the centuries. The balance of power and other empty slogans inspired by a false and flamboyant nationalism have bred conflict throughout "civilized" history.

And it has become too late in human history to tolerate wars which none can win. Nor dare we quibble about "just wars." Well did Pius X tell us that "in any conflict both sides claim moral justification. We find the term repugnant and impossible to define. All wars are, by their very nature, evil and destructive."

It has become too late for civilized people to accept this evil.

We must make a start. We must renounce war as an instrument of policy. We must affirm that there will be no more war. Never—but never—again.

Thoreau bid us to make a stand, Markand denounced war as insanity, Pius I could find no definition for a "just war." Evil enough when the finest of our youth perished in conflict and even the causes of these conflicts were soon lost to memory. Even more horrible today when cities can go up in flames and brilliant scientific minds are searching out ultimate weapons.

War must cease. There are no victories. The world can bear the burden no longer. Yes, we must make a stand.

Even as I speak to you, I may be guilty of what some men call treason. But we must reject war: yes, we must now make a stand. War is murder, rape, ruin, death; war can end our civilization. I tell you that—within a decade—we will have weapons capable of ending this world as we have known it.

War is hunger, thirst, blindness, death. I call upon you to resist it. You young men should refuse to take up arms. Young women tear down the patriotic posters. And all of you—young and old—put away your flags.

It is too late for nationalism.

It is too late for war.

War is rapine, bloodshed, brutality, death.

It is too late for this.

It has always been too late.

Let us make an end of it.

War will be no more.

(Courtesy of the Catholic Worker archives/Marquette University. Special thanks to Phil Runkel)Ω

JOE FORAN, 8/10/50-10/7/06, R.I.P.

WHAT I WANT YOU TO KNOW ABOUT MY FATHER

Kate Foran

Suspicious

If you saw the way he carries a crumpled paper bag the way others carry a brief case; the way he always wears jeans and workshirt with "Joe" stitched to the pocket; the way he only owned a suit, he says, "for weddings and funerals;" if you saw him when he grew that long, full beard and wouldn't shave it off because my little brother was convinced it was magic; if you saw the way he sits down with an apple, a peach, a pear, and a pocket knife and peels and eats each one so slowly; well, then, you might begin to suspect (as I have) that my dad... different... from other dads.

At the River

He takes us on warm spring evenings, after work and homework are done. We drive backroads to a farm by the "Merry Ol" Willimantic River, otherwise known to us as the "Lost World." He fishes, I splash around. He shows me how to find "sticks", the tiny dwellings built of sand and twigs by the cadis larvae. I am alarmed when I see the creature, and won't go back in. But he laughs and says, "Do you think this is a swimming pool? Who do you *think* lives here?" And my world stretches to include cadis larvae.

Once Again He Shows Me

He has new lines on his face. I've had this headache for six months. I'm too tired to talk. He holds the hot cloth over

my head and repeats in a low voice, "it's okay Katie, it's okay Katie," a mantra for both of us.

He sits next to me at the hospital, holding my hand. We are waiting for them to test my brain. All I can see is the fluorescent light reflecting off the glossy covers of magazines, the light that seems to fill my head with pain. But he sees a woman hobble in on a cane, arm in a sling.



Brian Kavanagh

He hears her say three times to the distracted nurses, "I can't fill out the forms. I can't use my arm." He rises quietly to her side. She dictates, he fills them in. He brings me out of myself.

After Thirty Years

He quits smoking. No patches, no programs. He just stops. I sit across from him at the table. I imagine how much he must want a cigarette, how his body is rebelling, aching for a smoke. He feels my eyes on him. Looking up from the paper, he winks.

Driving Lesson

Every muscle in my body is tense. My heart beats faster than the turn signal as I merge for the first time on the highway.

He tells me to go faster. Where my mother would be trying to slam her passenger side brake, he just sits back and taps his foot to the music. He sings quietly, "*there's a killer on the road.*"

We Go For a Walk

in the fall. He lingers behind me and the dog, breathing deeply. He picks up a branch of sugar maple. "*Smell red,*" he says, inhaling.

Going into his Fiftieth Year

Strange, how he seems younger now than I've ever known him, or maybe I'm just getting older. But there's no mistaking the child in his blue eyes when he comes home with a bouquet of wild flowers. He stopped his car on the way home from work to pick them by the side of the road. He gives them to me, tattooed arm outstretched, roses and daisies and queen Anne's lace tumbling over his work-worn hands.Ω

SITCHA CONT.

of using the power of love to transform an enemy into a friend because a lasting peace can be effective only if the power of love can overcome the love of power. David Icke put it this way: "Infinite love is the only truth, everything else is illusion".

(Mr. Sitcha, originally from Cameroon, was granted political asylum by a federal judge in Hartford on January 16, 2003. On September 18, 2003, at a hearing reviewing his asylum status the federal court in Hartford revoked his asylum status. He has been in legal limbo and in prison since that day. To learn more about Mr. Sitcha go to www.mainstreamist.com/freerichard/dates.htm. And please write him: Richard Sitcha, #39823, E1 #210, Plymouth County Corr. Facility, 26 Long Pond Rd., Plymouth MA 02360)Ω

NOTES, CONT.

alcoholics and addicts. So please do not feel bad about the Salvation Army charging a small fee for clothes! And we are no longer in the clothing business!

We are also changing the operations of our furniture pantry. With Chris in school, the cost of gas, and Brian getting older it has become too difficult for us to drive around on Thursdays picking up furniture. We are still happy to accept donations of dressers, beds, tables, chairs, dishes and pots and pans. If you are able to drop them off we will be able to get them to families in need- but we can no longer pick stuff up.

Our Christmas Party is changing this year also. Over the years the party had grown to a very outrageous size and it had taken on a bit of a "present factory" feel (though all of us still enjoyed it). This year St. Michael's will not have space available for us to use. After wracking our brains about what to do we have decided that this is an opportunity to re-create or re-form what we are trying to show our kids about the meaning of Christmas. So, we are going to hire a bus and take the children from our afterschool and Saturday programs to a small party at our Camp Ahimsa in Voluntown. We are very sad to miss the one and only opportunity we have each year to host all our volunteers, supporters, neighbors, and community in one place for a day of celebration. We hope to still give the children one or two toys at the party, play games and sing carols. The Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following the party we are going to invite the adults that we work with to come and "shop" at the Green House so that



the the toys will come from moms, dads and grandmas instead of us- and on Christmas morning the kids here will have gifts under their trees just like kids in Avon, Rocky Hill and elsewhere. We will still be needing some elves for the "shopping days" (Dec 18, 19, 20). Our regular volunteers and tutors will be assisting with the party in Voluntown. We hope that folks will still be willing to gather toys, winter hats, gloves, socks and underwear for us to share. After Christmas we will evaluate how it went and figure out what we will do next year.

In any event our kids seem to be the biggest focus of the work these days. We are so grateful for all our faithful extended community of tutors, helpers, and cooks. On a recent Saturday we had 25 kids and at least 20 helpers for art, basketball and lunch- whew! At times it is a struggle to feel like things ever get done, like homework or reading. Lately we have hit upon Scrabble and math board games that both the kids and adults really enjoy. We love having the student athletes from the UCONN HuskySport program coming every Saturday, as do the kids! We've also been joined by our dear friend Dean Ockerbloom's granddaughter Viki, Northwest Catholic H.S. Students, Sr. Elaine's Americorps volunteers, students from St. Joseph's college, along with Jeannie, Mike P., Chet, Anne K., Octo,

Steve, Edna, MaryLou, Eula... We are truly blessed by this community.

On the hospitality front we have welcomed Steve Ginsburg from the Heartbeat Ensemble. His stay with us allows him to focus on 3 major productions for Heartbeat this year (please see ad on p.3) and move forward on his plans to live in community with other folks from the Ensemble. We have also welcomed back, again, P.J. "Peej" was the first kid to ever come to the Worker when he was just a 9 year old boy. He's 22 now and we love having him back home. Micah and Ammon especially enjoy having some boy power on the homefront.

We are throwing out an appeal for some financial support in this issue. Right now we are living off of money borrowed from the money Chris raised for his tuition for next semester. We have experienced some drop off of support from some parishes and Chris is fretting that some of our supporters are confusing support for our sister community, the Voluntown Peace Trust, as the same as support for the Hartford Catholic Worker. For whatever the reason we are a bit closer to the bone financially than we have been in years. While I feel like it's a good discipline to be broke when claiming to be living in voluntary poverty, I also want Chris to go back to school next semester (and stop worrying about the finances). We are also mindful that we have food in the pantry and a

shed full of wood to keep us warm. We know that makes us far "better of" than most of our neighbors as we head into Winter.

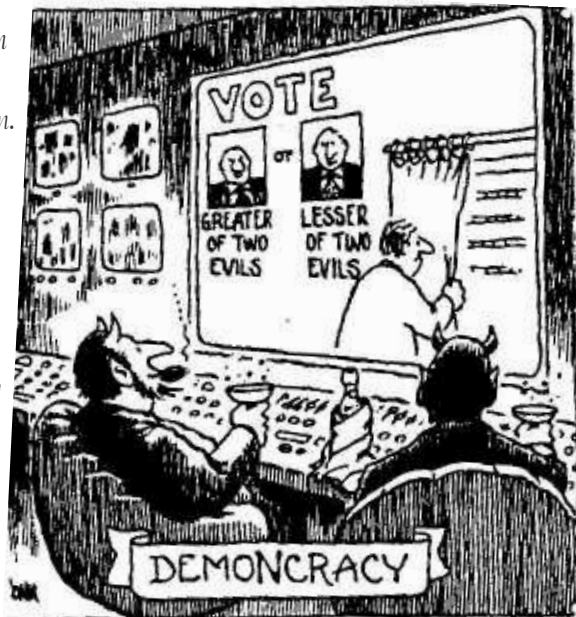
With the election this Tuesday we won't even have all that excess hot air to keep us warm- American elections a major cause of Global Warming, who knew? Anyway, I want to leave you with the thoughts of my son's namesake Ammon Hennacy. Ammon was a Catholic Worker who said to a judge "what good are your laws? The good people don't need them, and the bad people don't obey them".

Ammon's take on elections can be found in his thoughts on Christian Anarchism which he wrote is "based upon the answer of Jesus to the Pharisees when Jesus said that he without sin should be the first to cast the stone, and upon the Sermon on the Mount which advises the return of good for evil and the

turning of the other cheek. Therefore, when we take any part in government by voting for legislative, judicial, and executive officials, we make these men our arm by which we cast a stone and deny the Sermon on the Mount. The dictionary definition of a Christian is one who follows Christ; kind, kindly, Christ-like. Anarchism is voluntary cooperation for good, with the right of secession. A Christian anarchist is therefore one who turns the other cheek, overturns the tables of the moneychangers, and does not need a cop to tell him how to behave. A Christian anarchist does not depend upon bullets or ballots to achieve his ideal; he achieves that ideal daily by the One-Man Revolution with which he faces a decadent, confused,

and dying world".

Well, folks, Ammon wrote that back in the 1950's, we're all still casting a lot of stones, our world is still dying and our only hope remains the growing community of "one-person" revolutionaries. God Bless. Ω



LOVE

Micah Allen - Doucot

(the following was Micah's gift to his mom for Christmas 2005)

Love is an everlasting feeling. It remains strong through any obstacles that a person might find themselves in. Whether it's shootings in the neighborhood or gangs in town, love is still in our hearts. When the can man comes... there's love here for him. When there's afterschool kids, love is waiting for them in the back yard whether in form of a high school volunteer waiting to pour affection over a little girl or a basketball waiting for someone to throw it into a net... There will always be love.

When the holidays are here and everyone needs a turkey or a present, love gets it to them. When there's a fight

happening, love's there to clear things up. When there's homelessness, love provides any hospitality one needs. When there is hunger, love gives the meal of a thousand dishes... Love is always with us.

Even in its smallest form, love is seen in the light or in the dark. With any gift of love it's the thought that truly matters. Where there are people is where love flourishes; ready to aid a cut leg or a hurt feeling. Love is never tired.

With the ability to resist abolishment, love can resist the most powerful physical and emotional damage. Love can never disappear; it will always be present in one form or another. No Matter in what form love is found in, it will never be an untrue feeling. No matter how far you travel, love will never lose sight of you. In every community, love thrives from person to person. Love is passed by actions and also by one's words. So quickly the thought of love can emerge from one's mind in to an elaborate system of amazing actions that

show support given by one for someone else. Whether it's an antiwar demonstration or an Emma Goldman Brigade dance party/fundraiser, love will swim through the minds of whoever enters a peaceful community.

Giving, caring, housing, feeding, watching... there is never not a good way to explain love to another person, ready to help in the offering of it. Love is the ability to go the extra mile for someone in need of something that they cannot grasp. Love is a second chance, a new beginning, a fresh soul. Love is undeniable.

LOVE!!!!Ω



Ade Bethune

Notes from De Porres House

Jacqueline Allen-Doucot

We are celebrating our 13th anniversary this Friday, or at least we should be. Everyone is too busy: Chris is at school 'til late, Brian is at a wedding, Angela is doing "girl's night" with some teens, Mo is with her family who have just returned from burying her mom in St. Lucia, Sarah is out picking up video equipment for the documentary about Frances Crowe and Juanita Nelson she is working on, and I am writing this.

As we begin our 14th year of ministry in Hartford we are trying to become a bit more intentional about our life together. Now that there are more than just Brian, Chris and myself who have been committed to more than a year or two here at the Worker we need to spend some time in retreat and re-evaluate what about our ministry is life-giving and pray about how to do that better. We have also been trying to let go of the things that are draining us and therefore leaving us less present to the work that we love.

When we first began our work in 1993 we did not "do clothing". We did not have the space, time or process to take that on. As the years crept on, however, more and more clothes seemed to find their way to us. Bags began to fill the back and front rooms of the Green House. We tried putting out a "giving table" but just sorting the clothes and

disposing of the unwanted torn or stained items became increasingly time consuming. It also happened that the



same few folks were coming over to grab everything we put out. Folks began to argue and fight over the stuff. Some folks were even re-selling items. It got to be a huge hassle between those of us on the house and the folks in the neighborhood. We tried to set the table up only once a week to limit folks who were coming daily but the stuff quickly piled up in the rooms we need for tutoring. The giving table had turned into the "greed table" and it became a drag to set up the table even once a week. There is little worse than finding yourself arguing over used

clothes with a beloved neighbor.

I had had it with being the white lady telling folks they couldn't take any more clothes. We finally had a house meeting and decided that since we could not find a just, equitable and dignified way to distribute the clothes we will no longer accept clothing donations. We want to share with folks that have clothes to donate how we feel about the Salvation Army. Oftentimes donors have brought us clothes saying "I don't want to give these to the Salvation Army because they will sell them". This is true, *BUT:* 1) the money raised is used to finance drug and alcohol treatment programs, 2) by charging a minimal fee for clean, sorted, well-organized good clothing people take clothing they really need rather than scooping up armfuls of stuff and are engaged in a dignified exchange between equals rather than an anonymous exchange where one side is unnecessarily a humble/humiliated beggar and the other an unduly proud giver, 3) good clothing that won't sell here is sent to other nations where the level of need may trump the dictates of fashion, 4) clothing that is torn or stained is sold to cloth recyclers and thus does not end up in our dumps, 5) this is a labor intensive process that costs money to operate- money and work which provides employment for recovering

(SEE NOTES P.8)

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